

WEEKEND JOURNAL.

EUROPE



Real or reproduction?

The science of authenticating art

Contents

3 | Profile

Isabelle Huppert's honest approach to acting

4-5 | Food & Wine



A twist on dining out: no choice

Nessie the Loch Ness salmon prepared by Ms. Marmite.

Wine: Reisling revelation

6-7 | Travel

A magical tour of Germany

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8-9 | Cover story Arts

Authenticating art

How science can paint a different portrait



Raphael's 'The Madonna of the Pinks' (circa 1506-1507) rediscovered with the help of infrared.

COVER: 'Portrait of Alexander Mornauer' by Master of the Mornauer Portrait, circa 1464-1488: left, pre-restoration; right, after restoration. ©National Gallery.

10 | Top Picks

A rare Mozart revival

A sympathetic take on Wagner

Maurer's brilliant light designs

Collecting: Contemporary auctions in London

11 | Books

The spy novels that came in from the cold

12 | Time Off

Our arts and culture calendar



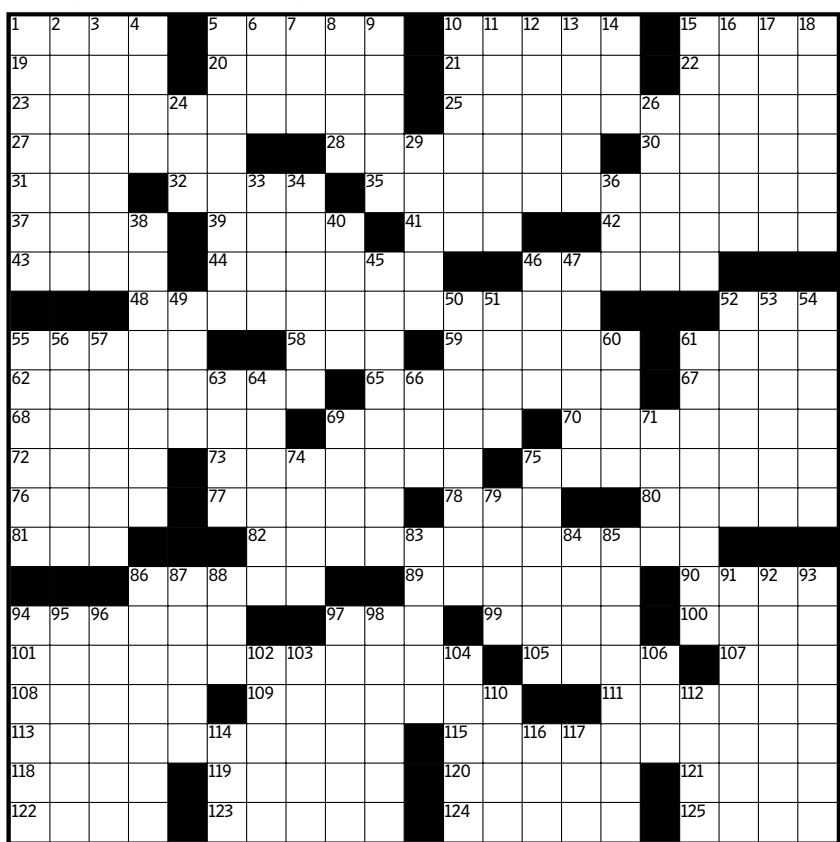
Akram Khan in 'Gnosis' at Juidans festival in Amsterdam.

THE JOURNAL CROSSWORD / Edited by Mike Shenk

Across

- 1 Gomez Addams's love
- 5 King for whom the Labyrinth was built
- 10 Following
- 15 Cultural equivalent of a gene
- 19 Enthusiastic about
- 20 Picture book?
- 21 Loses one's coat
- 22 Singer from County Donegal
- 23 City square in Bolivia?
- 25 Couples in France?
- 27 Sign for May Day babies
- 28 Get a pizza, say
- 30 1973 Rolling Stones hit
- 31 Lush
- 32 Runs off at the mouth
- 35 Creature in the Philippines?
- 37 Tina's "30 Rock" boss
- 39 Topper for de Gaulle
- 41 Secretive govt. org.
- 42 Places
- 43 Trillion, in metric prefixes
- 44 Prompt
- 46 Bugle material

Foreign Capital Exchange / by Joon Pakh & Andrea Carla Michaels

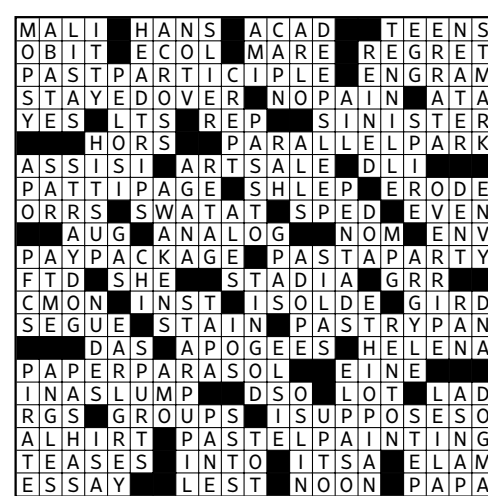


- 48 Eye part in Albania?
- 52 GE purchase of 1986
- 55 Running shoe brand
- 58 Programming language akin to Pascal
- 59 "To repeat..."
- 61 Side of a soccer field?
- 62 Post in Peru?
- 65 Carlo who headed a New York crime family
- 67 Pilgrim to Mecca
- 68 Bald guy on Madison Avenue?
- 69 Unfamiliar
- 70 "Invisible Man" author
- 72 Spoken
- 73 Something often swiped at stores
- 75 Aria in Norway?
- 76 Wilco guitarist Cline
- 77 Accommodates, as passengers
- 78 Raft propeller
- 80 It's usually a hit
- 81 Many a blue stater: Abbr.
- 82 Hot spots in the Bahamas?
- 86 Works on a draft
- 89 Hammered
- 90 "Seven Gothic Tales" writer Dinesen
- 94 Frankfurter, e.g.
- 97 Grunts
- 99 New ____ ("Universal Truth" seeker)
- 100 Donuts, topographically
- 101 Scottish lords in Greece?
- 105 Salinger title character
- 107 Write quickly
- 108 "The Hound of the Baskervilles" setting
- 109 Sees the light
- 111 Request to see
- 113 Fur coats in Belarus?
- 115 Creep in South Korea?
- 118 Montreal-based shoe brand
- 119 Home to some condors
- 120 Popular sans-serif font
- 121 British light machine gun
- 122 Radio show host Hannity
- 123 "Beau ____"
- 124 "Hot in Herre" rapper
- 125 They may be tight or loose

Down

- 1 Squares off against
- 2 Burdened with debts
- 3 Heavenly gatekeeper
- 4 Coating of frost
- 5 Charter?
- 6 Out of sorts
- 7 Bulls' org.
- 8 Mykonos liqueur
- 9 Unctuous flattery
- 10 Forest quakers
- 11 Islamic law
- 12 Jeopardy
- 13 Minneapolis suburb
- 14 Online feed letters
- 15 Nasty folks
- 16 Closed book
- 17 Innumerable
- 18 Stands for portraits
- 24 Turn sharply
- 26 Donald Duck's lack
- 29 Florentine poet
- 33 Banjo great Fleck
- 34 Tap type
- 36 Simile center
- 38 Hoots and hollers
- 40 Suitable for hot days
- 45 "This American Life" radio host
- 46 ____ B'rith
- 47 Montreal Expos legend Tim
- 49 "Woe ____"
- 50 Failed, as an HTTP request
- 51 Cover letters?
- 52 Make a deduction
- 53 Sweet-talk
- 54 Key of "Für Elise"
- 55 Biscotti bit
- 56 Follower of yes or no
- 57 Nonpanicked assurance
- 60 "Mama" speaker
- 61 Michael Jackson song released posthumously
- 63 Small batteries
- 64 It may be malicious
- 66 Beach ball filler
- 69 "Hamlet" quintet
- 71 1970 hit for The Kinks
- 74 "The Valachi Papers" author Peter
- 75 Grand Marnier flavor
- 79 China setting
- 83 Beasts of burden
- 84 They're strummed on beaches
- 85 For the most part
- 86 Colleague of Lake and Palmer
- 87 Copenhagen language, to natives
- 88 Powerful bunch
- 91 Temporary stay
- 92 Hot and bothered
- 93 Litter makeup
- 94 Ultrahigh-energy photons
- 95 Ballet company's leading dancer
- 96 Beach Boys girl
- 97 It might be blown by a hot person
- 98 Real
- 102 Packing aid
- 103 Female deer
- 104 Teri's role on "Desperate Housewives"
- 106 Course for U.S. immigrants
- 110 Dijon dad
- 112 Honshu city noted for its beef
- 114 GQ or Cosmo
- 116 2010 Gulf problem
- 117 American rival: Abbr.

Last Week's Solution



A provocative Isabelle Huppert

The French actress delves into latest 'Villa Amalia,' 'White Material' roles

BY ELIZABETH FITZHERBERT

FRENCH ACTRESS, Isabelle Huppert ("Violette Nozière," "Madame Bovary," "The Piano Teacher"), admits to waiting years for the right opportunity to work with her compatriot, acclaimed film director Claire Denis. "We have known each other for a long time and always wanted to work together but wanted to find a mutual project that would suit us both" she says of Ms. Denis, whose previous films include "Beau Travail" and "35 Shots of Rum."

Set in an unnamed African state, Ms. Denis's "White Material," which has been released in some European cities and opens in the U.K. on July 2 and the Netherlands on July 22, casts 57-year-old Ms. Huppert as a coffee-plantation owner battling to save her land against the backdrop of civil war. Also starring French actor Christopher Lambert ("Highlander") it is an intense study of a woman driven to extreme behavior. Shot on location in Cameroon, Ms. Huppert says the film isn't about post-colonialism, but is more about what territory means. "Territory is not only a matter of property" she says, "but also a mental territory."

Ms. Huppert also stars in Benoît Jacquot's "Villa Amalia," a mid-life crisis drama about a woman compelled to reinvent herself after witnessing her husband's infidelity, which opens in the U.K. Friday. A veteran of more than 90 films, Ms. Huppert has defined French art-house cinema over the past 30 years with provocative performances of women often marginalized by society. She lives in Paris with her film director husband, Ronald Chammah, with whom she has three children.

The Wall Street Journal spoke to Ms. Huppert by phone about the challenges of filming in Cameroon, why she doesn't like to rehearse, and how the European film industry has changed since she first started making films.

How did you become involved in "White Material?"

I read Doris Lessing's first novel "The Grass is Singing" and gave it to Claire Denis as I always knew she was involved in the subject matter... She wanted to go with a more contemporary environment and event so we moved to the idea about having a woman on a coffee plantation in Africa caught between the Afri-



Above, actress Isabelle Huppert; at right, a film still from 'Villa Amalia.'

cans and the white people. That is why we ended up with this story which Claire wrote with Marie NDiaye, a Goncourt prizewinner.

What do you most admire about her filmmaking?

I think she is one of the really great directors. She is so powerful and unique. She doesn't necessarily go along a classical narrative storyline. The movie almost feels like a dream or a nightmare. She explores all possible freedoms of filmmaking in the way she directs the telling of her story, and I think that is really what her moviemaking is about. She creates the same feeling in images that you sometimes get in literature when you dive into someone's life.

You play an extraordinarily strong-willed character in this film. Do you admire her tenacity, or do you think she's delusional?

I never wonder if I admire the characters I play or if I dislike them. It's never a question I raise in my mind. I just think that her behavior is in accordance to what is going on around her. She is in an emergency situation. Things are falling apart quite quickly and her stubbornness and capacity of resistance totally reflect the urgency she feels.

Would you describe "White Material" as a political film?

It is political in the sense that Shakespeare is political. When humanity becomes all of a sudden completely insane, things do tend to get political...When everyone is literally swallowed up in the same huge turmoil, everybody goes back to their most primitive instinct.

The film was shot in Cameroon over three months. How demanding was the shoot?

We arrived quite a few days before filming because we had to get used to the heat, the climate and the light. It was a shock to the body. It took a little time to get accustomed to it, physically and mentally, but then it was O.K. My youngest son came with me and went to school for two and a half months. It was a wonderful experience. I don't think I would have lived the adventure of making this film the same way if he hadn't been there.

You have played several characters that can be described as extreme in their behavior. To play them is it necessary to sympathize with them, or just to understand them?

No, not sympathize. I think it's more a matter of sticking to the main truths of human behavior. I never try to ide-



ImageForum, Corbis (top)

alize things or not idealize them. I just stick to the truth. You don't have to go into the psychology or explanations; you just show how things are.

How would you describe your character in "Villa Amalia?"

Like most of the characters I play, she is very radical, but her radicalism has grown out of great frailty. She is so fragile, she has to be so hard. Witnessing her husband's hidden life has forced her to go to extremes. Her journey is more like an existential quest.

You are known for producing haunting and emotionally powerful performances. Do you rehearse intensively beforehand, or just wait until you are on set with the director?

I think you lose so many things by rehearsing and there are many other ways to prepare. It is a very mental preparation and you can build on the character gradually allowing it to grow in your mind. For me, it is more a concentration of the imagination, so I don't like to rehearse. The great French director, Maurice Pi-

alat, has a funny line about rehearsing. He said, "You will never see the best things on screen because those are the moments that exist before and after 'cut.'"

Would you say French cinema has offered better roles for actresses than Hollywood?

Perhaps. In Hollywood I don't think I would have made half the films I have.

How has the European film industry changed since you first started acting in films?

It has changed but, in a way, it is always the same kind of strain. It constantly gets harder to make ambitious things and you always have to fight more to get them made. But now, not only is it getting harder to make sales, but when the movies are released, it is very difficult to have them seen. Films have a much shorter life in the cinemas. They disappear very quickly and there is much more competition, plus they transfer to television and DVD much faster.

—Elizabeth Fitzherbert is a writer based in London.

Arbitrage

Yamaha jet ski

City	Local currency	€
New York	\$9,388	€7,649
London	£8,950	€10,859
Paris	€10,850	€10,850
Frankfurt	€11,600	€11,600
Rome	€11,990	€11,990
Brussels	€12,750	€12,750



Note: Prices, plus taxes, as provided by retailers in each city, averaged and converted into euros.

❖ Food & Wine

The London restaurant revolution

The city has become the center of the pop-up world

BY BRUCE PALLING

SOMETHING STRANGE IS happening on the London food scene. New dining locations are emerging in unlikely, out-of-the-way neighborhoods, where paying guests turn up to eat in someone's private home. Elsewhere, established chefs are taking over a temporary dining venue to cook large no-choice meals for 30 guests for one or two nights, only to disappear again.

A recent event took place above the Violet Cakes Shop (www.violetcakes.com) in a nondescript office block in east London. Here, nearly 30 people ate a specially created meal from Chris Lee, one of the former stars of Chez Panisse, California's most influential restaurant. "I bake cakes all day long," explained Claire Ptak, formerly pastry chef at Chez Panisse, "and I missed the interaction you get by working with great chefs, so I arranged for a series of pop-up dinners, starting



Part of the philosophy of the events is that you are eating a communal meal so that it is a shared experience of the unknown, as there are no choices on the menu.

with Chris and then Joseph Trivelli from the River Café."

Several kilometers away, a chef known only as "Miss Marmite Lover" (marmitelover.blogspot.com) prepares a five-course "piscatorian" meal for £40 in her Victorian garden flat in Kilburn, north London, which she calls the Underground Restaurant. Specializing in what she calls "imaginative, creative home cooking" on her Aga stove, she regularly cooks for nearly 30 people. The last event earlier this month, "A Midsummer's Night's Dinner," was served by a teenage Goth and girls in vintage French aprons.

Welcome to London's world of pop-up restaurants and supper clubs. There is no universally accepted theory about why this culinary trend began last year, but it is assumed the economic recession played a part. Another reason for the growth of the pop-up and supper-club movement is social networking. Most of the regular ones have Facebook and Twitter sites, which means a chef can instantly spread the word on an impending event.

The concept is not new—for years, private kitchens have "popped up" in Hong Kong and there are a number in Paris. However, London is now the center of the pop-up world. The two most influential ones, run by Stevie Parle and Nuno Mendes, are already out of the pop-up game, although their spirit lives on with regular supper-club events, when the chefs serve multicourse no-choice meals to everyone in their restaurants.

Mr. Parle, the talented young chef at the Dock Kitchen, (www.dockkitchen.co.uk) on the Grand Union Ca-



nal in North Kensington, started his "Moveable Kitchen" in 2009 with events like a truffle dinner at a rowing club in Hammersmith or a homage to late cookery writer Elizabeth David in a warehouse in Shoreditch. "I think the transience is what makes it more exciting—you get great freedom by being temporary, which is why people go for it," he said. However, there are downsides to them too. "They were incredibly hard work because you were in a completely new environment every night and



Clockwise from above, 'Ms. Marmite' in her kitchen; the Underground restaurant's dining room; more custards in egg boxes.



Elisabeth Blanchet (2); Ms. Marmite (1)

have to make a kitchen out of nothing," he added. Perhaps this explains why he has now moved to a permanent location above a converted wharf building, which is owned by designer Tom Dixon. Mr. Parle runs supper clubs each weekend, where offerings could be anything from Bollito Misto, Scandinavian Island Cooking or Keralan cuisine.

The other influential chef was Mr. Mendes and his partner Clarise Faria, who opened the Loft Project in Hoxton (www.theloftproject.co.uk)

as a weekly supper club. Mr. Mendes has since moved on to open Viajante, his new restaurant in nearby Bethnal Green. However, the Hoxton space, which used to be his private apartment, continues under the management of Ms. Faria, who organizes weekly dinners with chefs from abroad and local ones. Just as at the Dock Kitchen, diners first have to push a buzzer to get through a heavy security gate and then find themselves in what could simply be an open-plan apartment in a semi-in-

dustrial location.

The night I attended, James Lowe, the head chef at St. John's Bread & Wine, cooked an assured meal of 10 courses, with accompanying wines for £117.50 a person. Most of the other guests worked in financial professions in the nearby City of London, with the majority of them coming from continental Europe. Part of the philosophy of the events is that you are eating a communal meal so that it is a shared experience of the unknown, as there



Above, entrance to the Violet Cakes Shop; below, Claire Ptak and pastry cook Dri Nascimento preparing a meal.

are no choices on the menu. Although the pricing was at the higher end of London's top restaurants, the meal delivered was impressive in its variety and innovation. It started with fresh gulls eggs and celery salt, and then included baked bone marrow with cider vinegar and wild fennel; pig's head with carrots, mead and pennywort; plus suckling kid, new season's onions and ramson. Mr. Lowe was quite frank about why he was doing it: "The reason is because ultimately I would like to open a no-choice restaurant and I have watched these sort of places and just wondered if the public is ready for them." He got the idea by observing how his own customers reacted well whenever he sent them unsolicited some of his own favorite dishes in his restaurant. "Quite often people would come up and tell you later that they were so delighted because they never would have ordered these dishes themselves..."

The whole point of the success of supper clubs and pop-ups is the unexpectedness of everything. Late last year, Pierre Koffmann, who was formerly the chef at London's former three Michelin star La Tante Claire, hosted a wildly successful pop-up in a marquee on the roof of Selfridge's

department store in Oxford Street. Supposed to only run for a fortnight, it had to extend its season to two months, and was still sold out at £75 per head. Looking back, Mr. Koffmann told me he didn't regret doing it as it was a challenge "and I have been out of work for a few years." He was pleased it was such a success, but he said he doesn't wish to repeat the experience because it was such an exhausting work.

Another successful series of pop-ups was recently held in the private house of Jo Wood, the former model and wife of Ronnie Wood, a guitarist for the Rolling Stones (www.mrspaisleyslashings.com). Her series of 10 meals at £125 a head were held in the garden of her house, a former royal hunting lodge on the edge of Richmond Park. She held these sell-out dinners along with Arthur Potts Dawson, a well know green restaurateur, to promote their beliefs in sustainable organic farming. The next event will be a pop-up restaurant in a tent at a music festival in Suffolk in September. After that, she is going to search for unusual locations around London to create special pop-up dinners.

One newcomer to the pop-up world is Charlotte Horton, an English winemaker who lives in her

family's medieval castle, Castello di Potentino, in Tuscany, (www.potentino.com) with its own vineyards and olive groves. Her wines are well regarded but she wanted to showcase them plus her olive oil in a congenial atmosphere along with the local cuisine. Alexander Greene, her business partner and half-brother, suggested she do a pop-up at the Frontline Club in London, which is normally closed on Sundays. Given the price of £25 a head, the quality of her wines and the produce for the meals, much of which is brought over from their Italian estate, they quickly sold out on her first showing in April. "I like the concept of a cuckoo restaurant—it's also rather fun bringing a place to life on its day off."

"Miss Marmite" is content with the way her pop-up dinners have gone and the impact they have had on the London food scene: "The supper club and pop-up movement is testament to how enthusiastic Londoners are to new things. Anyone from either here or abroad can go into an ordinary British home and meet other British people—I think that is a fantastic experience to offer."

Bruce Palling is a writer based in London.

A right choice from Alsace

ON ANY OTHER night being handed a wine list isn't necessarily a problem. As you might expect, I've become pretty adept at navigating my way through the most forbidding restaurant wine lists. Discarding a bad vintage, picking out a good one, swerving past the more obvious choice and finding the one wine that is both interesting, fairly priced and drinking now.

Wine WILL LYONS

That's the plan anyway. Rarely does it go wrong, but sometimes it does. I remember one howler with a Rioja I ordered for a group that was thin, flavorless and pretty acidic. I took the hit but after a few hours of gibes I did point out that I didn't put together the list and it wasn't like it was my cellar we were choosing from. Then there was the case in Bermuda, where I chose a white wine for a large group of friends. When the bill came there were gasps, literally gasps. As the call went up from the other end of the table "who ordered the wine," I felt like sinking into my chair. Mawkishly, I put my hand up only to be met by cheers of wonder; they couldn't believe there was a wine on the list that tasted so good and yet was so cheap. My reputation on the island is intact.

But when Jay McInerney hands you the list and asks "found anything interesting?" you feel the pressure. Mr. McInerney is now a colleague. We write the WSJ.com blog "On Wine" together with Lettie Teague and he writes for the U.S. print edition. Like I said, he's a colleague so there shouldn't be any pressure. But having followed his wine writing for many years, I felt I ought to impress. London can be hot in June, so I suggested something easy to drink. I rather fancied a light, mineral white wine with notes of summer fruits such as peach and apricot. A Riesling? "If you can't drink a Riesling in June, when can you?" I asked.

"Quite," said the author of "Bright Lights, Big City," but I felt he may have been a little underwhelmed. I opted for Alsace where the Rieslings are dry. On the first sip, I knew we were safe. In Alsace, the vineyards enjoy some of the

longest average hours of sunshine in France and sit on some of the most varied soils, producing a swathe of sophisticated, complex and diverse styles. Our choice was bone dry and crisp; it felt as if it was more about fruit than oak.

As a wine region Alsace is relatively straightforward. A single appellation features around 50 Grand Cru sites (a vineyard with an above average reputation) and its labeling laws are, for France, refreshingly easy to understand: The names of the grape variety and producer are clearly marked on the label. They are some of the most versatile and food friendly wines out there. Some of my favorite matches include chilled Pinot Gris with roast guinea fowl, late-harvest Gewürztraminer with Munster cheese or an Alsatian Muscat with asparagus. And yet the wines from Alsace are still hopelessly unfashionable in London and from a wine merchant's perspective pretty hard to sell.

The region has built its reputation on three grape varieties. Riesling tends to be fatter and oilier than its counterpart in Germany, Pinot Gris, which takes on a slightly smoky characteristic, and Gewürztraminer, which is heavily perfumed and blousy. Among the producers worth seeking out are Hugel, Marcel Deiss, Schlumberger, Beyer, Zind-Humbrecht, Josmeyer, Trimbach and Weinbach.

In Germany, the Rieslings tend to be lower in alcohol with a distinctive, sweet character. As a rule of thumb, in Alsace every bit of sugar is fermented leaving the wine bone dry. Meanwhile, Alsatian wines tend to be aged in old oak, giving them a rounded, oily texture.

For those of you who prefer the German style of Riesling, it is worth noting that its northern valleys in the Mosel have enjoyed a wonderful vintage in 2009. A warm, dry September and October has allowed the grapes to achieve full ripeness while retaining good acidity. J.J. Prüm has made particularly impressive wines with a heavily, perfumed style and lots of juicy acidity. Zilliken, Donnhöf and the Haag brothers are also worth noting.

But I digress. The lush, limy flavor of our Alsatian Riesling worked well as a warmup to our Puligny-Montrachet, but that's a different story.

DRINKING NOW

Riesling Cuvée Théo Alsace, France

Vintage: 2005

Price: about £22 or €26

Alcohol content: 12%

Domaine Weinbach is one of Alsace's most characterful wine estates. The Riesling has fine and delicate fruit with an attractive, mineral edge. The Cuvée Théo is heavily perfumed with notes of alpine honey, apricots and wild flowers.



On Germany's fairy-tale trail

Some 600 kilometers and 60 towns link to the Brothers Grimm

BY RHEA WESSEL

A STONE'S THROW from Frankfurt, Germany's financial hub, lies a lesser-known center of influence: Hanau, the birthplace of the Brothers Grimm, and an original stage for fairy tales repeated countless times in children's bedrooms around the world.

From Hansel and Gretel to Rumpelstiltskin, the Brothers Grimm are known for preserving more than 200 fairy tales and legends that were maintained in the oral tradition.

The brothers, linguists and philologists, were the first to assemble a comprehensive written collection of the often dark and dangerous German tales. The original versions, first published in 1812, had yet to be sanitized of their carnal gore: In the debut Grimm edition, one of Cinderella's stepsisters cut off her toes and the other her heel to make the slipper fit, and instead of kissing the frog in the Frog King tale, the princess angrily threw it against a wall.

Bloodstained or not, along Germany's so-called Fairy Tale Route—which is dedicated to the Brothers Grimm and spans some 600 kilometers north to south from Bremen to Hanau—visitors can surrender their hearts to the primeval tug of lore, legend and tales.

Children can climb the tower where Rapunzel may have let down her hair, spend the night in Sleeping Beauty's castle and dress like a mouse to follow the Pied Piper through Hamelin. All the while, adults can reminisce to younger days, viewing the world once again through the magical lens of childhood.

Some 60 cities are pinned to the Fairy Tale Route (www.german-fairytalesroute.com), a loose affiliation of villages and cities that claim a connection to a Grimm story or to the brothers.

Along Germany's so-called Fairy Tale Route, visitors can surrender their hearts to the primeval tug of lore, legend and tales.

We decided to focus on the trail within 100 kilometers of Frankfurt during a weekend trip in early June. With my husband and our 5-year-old daughter in tow, our tour began in Hanau, where the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were born in 1785 and 1786, respectively.

The city is home to a wide variety of fairy-tale productions during the Brothers Grimm Festival, the second-largest theater festival in the state of Hesse, which takes place each summer and draws some 75,000 attendees annually. This year, the festival features 90 plays, plus readings and speeches from historians about the lives and work of the Brothers Grimm. Children can choose from a variety of productions such as musicals, ballet renditions of Hansel and Gretel and a sing-along rock concert.

On a balmy Friday evening, we admired the expansive gardens at the Philippsruhe castle before making our way to the amphitheater on the grounds, where we viewed Cendrillon, the French version of Cinderella, originally penned by Charles Perrault, and scripted and produced for the event by festival director Dieter Gring. Mr. Gring, who has run the festival for four years, recently expanded the repertoire of the festival beyond the Brothers Grimm into international fairy tales.

As if we needed evidence that fairy tales aren't just for children, the prince in Cendrillon, Louis, suddenly appeared on stage in his boxer shorts. (Louis shed his courtly garb for a

swim after his head was spinning with the news that his father wanted him to marry.) Our daughter wasn't the youngest in the audience, but the prince's attire did make me realize the play was billed properly as one for adults.

Whether presented for children or adults, Mr. Gring says he has always been fascinated by fairy tales as the basis of classic dramaturgy. "Fairy tales provide an exciting framework for unfolding a story and a character," he said. A local woman echoed Mr. Gring's sentiments during the intermission. A regular at the festival, Christiane Megerle says she loves the symbolic character of fairy tales and returns each year to maintain the link to her inner, story-hungry child.

The next day, 50 kilometers up the road in the village of Steinau an der Strasse, we watched a puppet-show rendition of Mother Holle in the old-town theater. It formerly served as a stable for the village's moat-encircled Renaissance castle, where roughly 100 marionettes collected from the puppet theater are on display. (Long before my daughter was born, I sat on the edge of my seat in the same darkened theater with a group of children, worried that the new queen might not guess Rumpelstiltskin's name.) On this day, I savored the sound of children's laughter—my daughter's included. It lightened the air around the brutal story of a stepmother and stepsister who make a young girl's life miserable. The puppeteers demonstrated impressive control of the marionettes and their voices, causing a variety of emotions—frustration, fear, pity and joy—to emanate from the wooden creatures.

A short walk from the theater is the Brothers Grimm House, where the duo lived from 1791 to 1796, when their father, a lawyer, worked for the city as a civil servant. We visited the home, which is now a museum dedicated to fairy tales. We were slightly disappointed to find much of the exhibit closed

due to renovations. Still, we viewed early printed editions of the Grimm collection of tales and the dictionaries the brothers labored over. Meanwhile, my daughter wondered aloud why the door frames in the cross-timbered home were so short. We also admired the dangerous-looking, brown-faced and green-horned mythical creature that guarded the door to the brothers' home.

Burkhard Kling, the director of the Brothers Grimm House, designed the new exhibition, which will show how fairy tales are rendered in modern-day culture through animated cartoons and art. Early next year, visitors can view 10 additional rooms dedicated to the brothers and fairy tales, including an artist's installation of a crown that children can walk through. According to Mr. Kling, an art historian and a self-confessed fairy tale junkie, some 15,000 people visit the Brothers Grimm House a year on their quest to capture the spirit of the brothers, German cultural icons with standing similar to Goethe and Wagner.

On the way to Marburg for the night, our final destination, we stopped by the old town square in the village of Alsfeld in search of Little Red Riding Hood. The city is said to be part of Little Red Riding Hood territory, since young girls in the area often wore traditional costumes that included a red headpiece, thus inspiring the narrative.

Some cities stretch harder than others for an



affiliation to the Brothers Grimm, and others gain access to the Fairy Tale Route based on their magical scenery, according to Brigitte Buchholz-Blödow, the marketing director for the route. Alsfeld probably qualifies on both counts: Dotted with outdoor cafes, Alsfeld's square is flanked by a cross-timbered, late-Gothic city hall atop a stone arcade. The landmark gives the sleepy settlement a touch of class and foreshadowed the elegance of Marburg, the city where the brothers studied at the university and met some of their first intellectual mentors.

Elsewhere, four towns in the state of Hesse claim a connection to the tale Mother Holle—Lichtenau, Bad Sooden-Allendorf, Grossalmerode and Meissner. Lichtenau has put up a Mother Holle Park, Bad Sooden-Allendorf runs a theater festival, Grossalmerode claims a connection to the apple tree that the girl picked when Mother Holle put her to the test, and Meissner is the city where Mother Holle supposedly lived.

With or without the Grimm connection, many towns near or along the lower leg of the Fairy Tale Route offer storybook architecture or outdoor activities such as hiking, cycling or boating. We combined both on Sunday in Marburg: We admired the Gothic, Landgrave castle that hovers over the city before canoeing down the Lahn river, one of Germany's most beautiful waterways and a natural sanctuary at some points along its course. We headed down an eight-kilometer stretch of the river

on which birds outnumbered the fishermen and picknickers visible at the water's edge. Mute swans and mallards with shimmering blue-green heads took care of their young and foraged for food. To my delight, I witnessed a muskrat come up for air and then swim along the bank, most likely after emerging from the tunnel that led from its lodge. I also enjoyed the sword lilies that thrived in the water directly near the bank. All that seemed to be missing was a little fairy-tale frog sitting atop the lily's leaf waiting to be kissed by a princess (or be thrown against a wall).

One weekend wasn't nearly enough to relive our childhoods along the Fairy Tale Route. That's why, as we put our daughter to bed talking of Cinderella and Mother Holle, we vowed to see more of the route. Perhaps we'll tackle a northern section in 2012, the year that the Grimm book of fairy tales will be 200 years old and dozens of events will mark the anniversary. The book was recently declared a world heritage document by UNESCO. The original is on display in Kassel, the city where the brothers went to school and another cultural highlight, just 90 kilometers from Marburg up the Fairy Tale Route.

—Rhea Wessel is a writer based in Kronberg, Germany.

► For a parent-child thumbs-up rating on stop off points along the route, and a fuller listing on where to stay and what to do, go to WSJ.com/Lifestyle



Clockwise from top left, Marburg's Landgrave Castle; Hanau's Philippsruhe castle gate; 'Cinderella' shown on the grounds of Philippsruhe castle; 1956 edition of Red Riding Hood illustrated by Otto Schubert; 19th century portrait of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm; Tundra wolves at the Wildpark 'Alte Fasanerie.'



WHAT TO DO

Wildpark "Alte Fasanerie"—Animal Preserve "Old Pheasant House"
 An animal preserve set in the middle of the forest in Klein-Auheim, a village outside of Hanau, the Old Pheasant House is home to three tundra wolves.
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Brothers Grimm House Steinau an der Strasse
 The home where the Brothers Grimm lived from 1791 to 1796 is now a museum dedicated to fairy tales. Under renovation until early 2011, the museum features early printed editions of the Grimm book of fairy tales.
www.brueder-grimm-haus.de
 ☎ +49 6663 7605

THEATER

Hanau: The Brothers Grimm Festival 2010
 Feature productions: 'Snow White' (musical), 'The Devil with the Three Golden Hairs' and 'Cendrillon.' The festival takes place in the amphitheater on the grounds of Philippsruhe castle. Tickets cost from €9 to €20. Until July 25. www.hanau.de/kultur/grimm/plan/002344/index.html
 ☎ +49 6181 24670

Kassel: Brothers Grimm Festival 2010
 Featured Production: King Thrushbeard
 Until Aug. 17. Tickets range from €13 to €24. www.brueder-grimm-festival.com
 ☎ +49 561 18383



Clockwise from top left: Anna Lisa Marten; Medienzentrum Hanau; The Brothers Grimm Festival; Brüder Grimm-Haus and Museum Steinau; Cobis; Marek Jochko

Discovering art's authenticity

National Gallery show examines role of science in proving if it's a fake

BY PAUL LEVY

London

IN 1991, ON a visit to Alnwick Castle, the home of the Dukes of Northumberland in the north-east of England, Nicholas Penny, then a curator at the National Gallery, found his attention drawn to a tiny painting hanging in a corridor, where it had been disregarded for nearly a century. Mr. Penny was convinced it wasn't a copy, as its owners had thought, but the original circa 1506-1507 Raphael "Madonna of the Pinks."

Mr. Penny has been the director of the National Gallery since 2008, and the exhibition that will open there from June 30 to Sept. 12, "Close Examination: Fakes, Mistakes and Discoveries," uses his discovery as one of its more positive examples of the role of science in determining the answers to age-old questions of working out who actually painted a work, whether a painting is an original or a copy, and even whether it was done for gain, or in homage to the original.

The show is fundamentally a celebration of the work of the NG's Scientific Department, which has settled the argument about the Raphael. It was the elaborate frame of the painting that was the tip-off: Mr. Penny reasoned that being framed so grandly indicated that someone once regarded it as a genuine Raphael. Infrared examination showed a superb metalpoint underdrawing that everyone agrees is by Raphael. The differences between it and the finished painting are subtle, and show the artist changing his mind as he worked—which rules out it being a copy. If you wanted to pass off a copy as an original, you'd never make changes like these to the costume or background landscape of the model you were copying, said Ashok Roy, the head of the Scientific Department. Moreover, the pigments are both typical of Raphael and include some that were no longer used after the 16th century.

Yet, as recently as June 18, the Times in the U.K. carried a letter from Michael Daley, Director of Art-Watch UK, a self-appointed vigilante group set up to monitor art conservation practices, challenging the attribution, and the evidence presented by Mr. Roy. In fact, Mr. Roy told me, the argument that it's an autograph Raphael has relatively little to do with science, but relies mostly on good, old-fashioned connoisseurship: "The existing image is so beautifully painted that, if it's not by Raphael, then you need to come up with the name of another, hitherto unknown painter who would be capable—and have the opportunity—of making such a beautiful painting on top of an underdrawing that is definitely by Raphael." The opposition falls to the art variant of the principle of Occam's razor—it multiplies painters unnecessarily.

The Scientific Department is older and completely separate from the NG's Conservation Department, which was at one point frequently criticized for over-cleaning its pictures.

"I trained as a chemist," said Mr. Roy, "and came to the NG 33 years



The fascinating work of the Scientific Department in unraveling mysteries about paintings in the National Gallery's collection is the basis of the coming exhibition.

ago, as assistant to Joyce Plesters, who founded the department in 1934. It was the thought of Kenneth Clark, who believed that conservation should have scientific underpinnings, that the Gallery's environment should be adjusted so that it was favorable to the physical effects (such as temperature, humidity and exposure to light) of exhibiting paintings." The department studies every physical aspect of paintings, from the nature of the

medium to the age of the support and the condition of labels or accompanying documentation. The late versatile Oxford scientist Teddy Hall, who exposed the Piltdown Man fraud in 1953 and in 1988 dated the Turin Shroud, was instrumental in setting up the department, as a Trustee of the NG and chairman of its Science Committee.

The fascinating work of the Scientific Department in unraveling a whole set of mysteries about paint-

ings in the NG's collection is the basis of the coming exhibition.

The NG's show will have six rooms and themes. The first, "Deception and Deceit" includes "Virgin and Child with an Angel" bought in 1893 by Ludwig Mond as a Francesco Francia, signed and dated 1490. Complicated scientific detective work has shown that it's a 19th-century fake. Why, I asked Mr. Roy, is the painting's artistic as opposed to its monetary value reduced by this finding? Isn't the judgment of the cultivated eye the chief factor in evaluating artistic worth? How has that judgment changed the faking? His reply to this age-old conundrum was devastatingly simple: we view and value it differently now "because it's not an original design."

The second room, "Transformation and Modifications" has a won-

derful example of altering a picture to accord with changing tastes. "Woman at a Window" by an unknown North Italian artist circa 1510-1530 has been modified to suit Victorian mores. According to the scientific evidence, the demure brunette had originally been a blonde floozy, and her suggestive sideways glance was changed to make her look chastely ahead. Her cleavage was reduced, too.

Room three, "Mistakes: Attributions Downgraded" shows a former Courbet, an ex-Holbein the Younger, and a picture that was previously a Perugino. Room four, "Secrets and Conundrums," has a painting, "The Virgin and Child with Two Angels," once attributed to Ghirlandaio. Science hasn't helped with this one, and I'm afraid that the connoisseurship argument saying that the bet-

The National Gallery (5)

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Opposite page, clockwise from top left: 'Woman at a Window' (circa 1510-1530) by an unknown North Italian artist has been modified to suit Victorian mores. The blonde floozy with a suggestive sideways glance was changed to a demure brunette made to look chastely ahead. Holbein's "Portrait of Alexander Mornauer," (circa 1464-1488) post- and pre-restoration; restorer's palette and pigments in the Conservation Department. This page, 'The Virgin and Child with Two Angels,' (circa 1476-1478); and Larry Keith, director of conservation at the National Gallery.

The National Gallery (2)

ter painter, Verrochio himself, must have painted the hand of the angel on the left, because it is so much better painted than the hand of the one on the right, is circular.

Room five, "Being Botticelli" has a real one, and an originally higher-priced "Botticelli" by a follower, whose inferiority is obvious when you see the pair together. Room six, "Redemption and Recovery," which includes the Raphael, is the most exciting, and interesting from the scientific point of view, says Mr. Roy, because the pictures are all upgrades or confirmations of authorship. They include Casper David Friedrich, Jan Gossaert, Matteo di Giovanni, Paolo Veronese and a unique Botticelli with a gold background.

Is the exhibition occasioned by the new developments in technology that allow science to analyze

both the medium and the support of a painting in molecular detail? "The reason for having this show now is that the subject is reaching a level of maturity where there is a lot to reveal to the public about the physical aspects of a picture," said Mr. Roy. "It was Nicholas Penny's idea—he knows a lot about the work of the department, because he believes that cataloging must include such information, and he's just done two catalogs of the Gallery's holdings of Italian 16th-century paintings. It's valuable to us to have a director so keen to engage with curators in this interdisciplinary way."

Not to mention that, in the tradition of his predecessors such as Lord Clark, Cecil Gould and Neil McGregor, Mr. Penny has a superb eye.

—Paul Levy is a writer based in Oxfordshire.

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❖ Top Picks

An emotionally intense 'Idomeneo'

LONDON: Why is Mozart's 1781 opera "Idomeneo" so rarely performed? It is replete with ravishing, emotionally touching music; and the post-Trojan war story of a tormented father, who must sacrifice his son to secure his own and his subjects' safety, is one of the less silly

opera plots. True, it needs two fine tenors and two sopranos who can really act—but despite the excesses of Katie Mitchell's direction, the new English National Opera production satisfies these requirements.

Paul Nilon is in magnificent voice as Idomeneo, the King of

Crete, who has made a vow to sacrifice the first human being he sees if Poseidon saves his fleet from drowning; and Robert Murray is good with the less flamboyant music Mozart gives to Idamante, the son Idomeneo tragically sees as he emerges from the shipwreck. Sarah Tynan is

poignant and stirring as the exiled Trojan princess Idamante loves, and Emma Bell both funny and terrifying as Electra, the sole survivor of the Greek House of Atreus, who fancies being Mrs. Idamante herself.

The trouble is Ms. Mitchell's incessant stage business. Vicki Mortimer and Alex Eales's hard-edge contemporary office-cum-palace set is overpopulated with people in modern dress scurrying about, and especially waiters serving drinks. Never has so much Champagne been poured (to so little effect) in a single production. Still, there is one breathtakingly elaborate and beautiful cliff-side set; and some of the business is terrific, especially Electra sexily toying with a passing waiter.

The infelicities can be disregarded, thanks to ENO's music director, Edward Gardner, whose conducting brings out the emotional intensity of Mozart's score—to the extent that, for the first time I can remember in any opera, I was genuinely frightened. In Electra's mad scene at the end, I was aware of my racing pulse and anxiety—the product of Ms. Mitchell clearly understanding Mozart's music here, and Ms. Bell's full-on, scary acting. —Paul Levy

Until July 9
www.eno.org



Steve Cummins/Key



Courtesy of Christie's

'Silver Liz' (1963)
by Andy Warhol. Estimate:
£6 million-£8 million.

Liz Taylor's legendary violet eyes

CONTEMPORARY ART aficionados focus on major auctions in London next week.

The auctions follow Art Basel, the world's leading contemporary art fair, which closed Sunday, after attracting more than 62,500 visitors—the largest number on record—and boasting strong sales.

Collecting MARGARET STUDER

Sotheby's (June 28-29), Phillips de Pury (June 29-30) and Christie's (June 30-July 1) will offer around 1,000 works from the second half of the 20th century and the 21st century in a series of closely-watched sales.

Offerings will be diverse in style, material, message and region.

Sotheby's will feature Yves Klein's "Re 49" (1961), a fathomless blue painting in which sponges and pebbles create an ethereal landscape reminiscent of an ocean bed. This is a "rare and stunning work" says Cheyenne Westphal, Sotheby's Chairman of Contemporary Art Europe (estimate: £4.5 million-£6.5 million).

There will be plenty of Andy Warhol. At Christie's, a "Silver Liz" from 1963—a painting in which he highlights Elizabeth Taylor's legendary violet eyes—is estimated at £6 million-£8 million. In Christie's May sale in New York, another "Silver Liz" sold for \$18.34 million.

Symbolizing an artist's early vision of today's globalization will be iconic works from Alighiero Boetti's "Mappa" series, which comprise embroidered tapestries of the world with changing colors and borders. Mr. Boetti was one of the world's truly global artists, reflecting "the world's constantly changing patterns," says Francis Outred, European head of Christie's Contemporary Art. At Christie's, a "Mappa" (circa 1989) with dark background is estimated at £900,000-£1.2 million.

Representing a younger generation will be "The Skin Speaks a Language Not its Own" (2006) by Indian artist Bharti Kher at Sotheby's. Ms. Kher has sculpted a life-sized elephant lying on the ground covered in bindis (the pigment applied to the forehead and representing the third eye). There is sorrow here as the now endangered native Indian elephant has long been the subcontinent's symbol (estimate: £700,000-£1 million).

A sympathetic 'Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg'

CARDIFF: The hottest ticket this summer in the U.K. is the Welsh National Opera's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg." It's because native son Bryn Terfel is making his role debut as Hans Sachs, the bighearted, wise cobbler/poet in Richard Wagner's penultimate opera about a singing competition, a medieval German "X-Factor." Mr. Terfel's burished bass-baritone is sublimely beautiful, his acting nuanced and as generous to the other singers as the character he's playing.

But that's not the only reason for the preeminence of this production. Its director, Richard Jones, has shown genius in dealing with the downside of this late Wagner piece—its nationalism (and some say its anti-Semitism). Christopher Purves is the villain, the town clerk Sixtus Beckmesser, who will do anything to win the singing contest whose prize is the rich and beautiful Eva (a radiant performance by Amanda Roocroft). Beckmesser is supposed by some critics to

be an evil Jew-figure, but Mr. Purves plays him as a bumbler, so inept that even his spite is funny.

Conductor Lothar Koenigs's orchestra was thrilling. Even those of the cast whose voices weren't quite big enough to fill the hall were accurate and musical. Paul Steinberg's stunning sets and Buki Shiff's shimmering costumes added to the joy of this production.

Mr. Jones does something remarkable—he takes the story seriously, even the grotesquely complicated rules for composing the prize song, and treats the characters, even Beckmesser, with warm sympathy. This confers a dignity on them that confounds the interpretation of Meistersinger as a precursor of 20th-century German nationalism. The safety curtain is a collage of German-speaking cultural heroes (and the WNO is, appropriately, offering a prize to the audience member who can identify the largest number of them). In the finale, each member of the cast, includ-



Catherine Ashmore

ing the large and magnificent WNO chorus, holds up an image of one of these "good Germans" (many of them, of course, Jews) in chronological order. Thus we see that "sacred German art" preserved by the guild of Meistersingers (and by extension

the music of Wagner) is the heritage of the best of our civilization, not Hitler's perversion of it. —Paul Levy

At Wales Millennium Centre Cardiff June 26, 29, July 3; at Birmingham Hippodrome July 6, 10
www.wno.org.uk

Munich commemorates Ingo Maurer and his brilliant light designs



Tom Vack

'Bulb' design by Ingo Maurer, 1966, on display in Berlin.

BERLIN: In recent years, Munich has established itself as a full-fledged design capital. With a geographic and temperamental setting midway between Italy and Scandinavia, the city has fostered a third path for European design, combining southern imagination with northern perfectionism.

Most closely associated these days with minimalist Konstantin Grcic and shooting-star Stefan Dietz, Munich has a contemporary design tradition dating back to 1966, when German lighting master Ingo Maurer set up his studio. Mr. Maurer, who has found creative ways to use everything from halogen lights to the latest LED device, turns 78 years old this year, and the German government has chosen to commemorate his four decades of work with the Design Prize of the Federal Republic of Germany.

Since his 1966 breakthrough "Bulb" lamp—featuring a light bulb floating inside a larger light bulb—Mr. Maurer has revealed man-made light to be a weightless wonder. Berlin's Bauhaus-Archiv, a main repository of Germany's Bauhaus legacy, is celebrating, along with the German government, in a retrospective of Mr. Maurer's work called "Light with Bulb."

Known for his refined creations—especially his 1984 system of suspended halogen lamps, YaYaHo—Mr. Maurer is revealed here to be a Pop-Art prankster. His witty "Lucellino" lamp (1992), attaches a pair of handcrafted goose-feather wings onto a naked bulb, while his rope-lamp series 'Alizz C. Cooper,' suggests a swarm of robotic reptiles. —J.S. Marcus

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www.bauhaus.de

Destiny in D Minor

By Norman Lebrecht

Nobody understood Beethoven. Vienna in his own time, the early years of the 19th century, recognized his unruly genius but could not fathom why he wrote so far beyond popular comprehension or what kind of man he was. What they saw in the flesh was a disaster—a musician driven to fits of rage by debilitating deafness, reckless in hygiene and dress, ruinous in human relationships, yet revered by fellow artists as a force of destiny. What they saw, in other words, was a caricature.

The image became no clearer after his death in 1827. By midcentury, Beethoven had been put on a pedestal, one level below divinity. Hector Berlioz stood in awe of “that frightening giant

The Ninth

By Harvey Sachs

(Faber & Faber, 208 pages, £12.99)

Beethoven.” Franz Liszt saw him as “the pillars of fire and smoke which led the Israelites through the desert.” Richard Wagner, smitten from age 11, acknowledged Beethoven as the one composer before himself who sought to redeem humanity through the power of art. It was Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, not one of Wagner’s own operas, that Wagner performed in 1872 to consecrate his shrine at Bayreuth.

Of all Beethoven’s works, the Ninth Symphony is the least explainable. What on Earth was he doing decorating its finale with a chorus and soloists singing an ode of Schiller’s, ostensibly about joy but in reality about brotherhood and liberation? What is the Ninth about? Is it a charter for social reform or for individual rights? A religious ecstasy? Does the symphony mean to us what it meant to Beethoven? Does it mean anything useful at all?

These are some of the questions that set Harvey Sachs off on a painstaking search to discover the roots of Beethoven’s last

symphony in the time of its creation. The year was 1824, and the Congress of Vienna had turned Europe back to a network of despotic monarchies, as if the Enlightenment and French Revolution had never happened.

The Austrian minister Metternich, unsatisfied by his near-unlimited powers, enacted in 1824 a series of decrees to run the empire as a police state in which a jocular remark or the wrong kind of friend could land anyone in jail. “Not now,” jotted Beethoven in the notebook he used for café conversation, “the spy Haensl is around.”

It is tempting to imagine that the Ninth Symphony was a creator’s riposte to the forces of reaction, but there is no evidence for this theory. Why and how Beethoven advanced from the lightness of the Eighth Symphony to the massive substance of the Ninth is unexplained by any remark he made. The premiere itself was coupled with a new overture, “The Consecration of the

House,” and three arias from a Mass in progress. Beethoven was in full flood in the spring of 1824.

The Sachs quest starts in Beethoven’s rented rooms in Vienna’s shabby third district, his domestic chaos matched by the haphazard organization for his May 7 concert at the Kärntnertor Theater. None of the imperial family was available to attend, usually a prerequisite for society ticket sales, but the house sold out on word that Beethoven was bursting the corsets of music with another mighty offensive.

The regular 45-piece orchestra, augmented by amateurs and part-timers, was never going to be up to the task; the chorus was a rabble of volunteers; and the bass soloist had to be replaced at the last minute when he flubbed the top notes. The two female soloists were an 18-year-old and a 21-year-old; Beethoven, who was 54, kept trying to kiss them.

Ignatz Schuppanzigh, a trusted friend of the composer’s, led the performers from his violin, with the seated Beethoven in an inappropriate green coat giving a start beat to each movement. The scores were hand-copied, and the outcome must have been scrappy at best, but the audience rose in rapture and reviewers concurred that Beethoven, as one of them wrote, had “advanced still further onward.”

A repeat performance was scheduled within a fortnight, and the symphony quickly took on a life of its own. Over time it supplied the big theme for Brahms’s first symphony and the opening shimmer for Mahler’s. Haydn may have invented the symphonic form, but it was Beethoven in the Ninth who gave the symphony its capacity for continuous evolution.

The Ninth changes symphonic expectations not just because it concludes with four vocalists and a chorus. Every movement defies precedent. The first seems to begin with the orchestra tuning up; the second alternates solemnity with flippancy; the great adagio delivers something far more ethereal than the pastoral idyll of the

Sixth. Classical style is alternately mocked and abandoned. Even on a sketchy first impression it must have been clear to Vienna that hearing a symphony would never be the same again. Beethoven never wrote another. His last three years were occupied with three piano sonatas, the “Diabelli Variations” and five string quartets, works in which Mr. Sachs detects an urge on the composer’s part to turn self-revelation into a universal message. He defines this desire rather clunkily as “universalizing the intimate,” but you can see where he is heading: to the dawning of the artistic ego that gave the Romantic age its character and color.

As Beethoven’s Ninth received its premiere, Lord Byron was being embalmed at Missolonghi and shipped home for burial, self-martyred in the cause of Greek independence—more classical metaphor than political realism. Byron’s death at 36 set the tone for the Romantic era. In Russia, Alex-



Getty Images

ander Pushkin was “very glad of [Byron’s] death, as a sublime theme for poetry.” Pushkin stopped work on “Eugene Onegin” and wrote a larger saga, “Boris Godunov.”

In France, between one revolution and the next, Stendhal was writing epochal essays while his friend Eugene Delacroix, before embarking on his bare-breasted “Liberty Leading the People,” painted “The Massacres at Chios,” a scene from Byron’s Greek war

that has been described by the novelist Margaret Drabble as “a masterpiece of Eros and of Death.” More contemplative than his Romantic contemporaries, Heinrich Heine went for a long walk in the Harz Mountains, cherishing a German landscape from which he would soon be exiled.

It was Heine who gave Romantic art its declaration of independence. “I am for the autonomy of art,” he wrote. “It must not be seen as a servant of religion or

politics; it is its own definite justification, like the world itself.” Heine and Beethoven, Rhinelanders both, were never kindred souls, yet together they broke the creative impulse free from the demands of the state and society. From now on, the artist would go wherever his spirit led him.

Mr. Sachs, whose previous books include landmark biographies of Arturo Toscanini and Arthur Rubinstein, adds depth of field to the Ninth Symphony by presenting it as the first sounding of a free new world. He analyzes its content with clarity and accepts that assigning meaning to the music can only mislead. To hear the Ninth Symphony played today as the anthem of the European Union, an exclusive economic cabal, cannot possibly have been what Beethoven had in mind.

“The Ninth,” a fresh, often challenging approach to one of the cornerstones of civilization, is a hugely welcome antidote to the excesses of academic musicology, which can be given to interpreting one of the world’s most profound artistic achievements simply as, in one depressingly representative sample noted by the author, “a sexual message” written by a man “in terror of impotence or infertility.” Mr. Sachs strikes a truer note, affirming that it is possible to write about a great symphony in a way that makes the music relevant to each listener at every level of individual engagement. Just as Beethoven intended.

Mr. Lebrecht’s next book, “Why Mahler?,” will be published by Random House in October.

Stealth and Daring

By Tom Nolan

After the dismantling of the Soviet Union, there was a notion floating around that spy fiction was done for. But clever authors can always find their way around mere geopolitics, and they did. One of the best of the genre-revivers was Alan Furst, who helped usher the spy-fiction form into an exciting future by writing stories set in Europe’s pre-Cold War past.

The latest (and possibly the best) of his novels is “Spies of the Balkans,” set mostly in the northern Greek port of Salonika in 1940 and 1941. In this ancient place “where the wars [of the past] outnumbered the streets” and “even the bootblacks speak seven languages,” a 40-year-old, unmarried senior police official named Constantine “Costa” Zannis is in charge of discreetly handling criminal and political matters too delicate for official channels.

So capable and sympathetic a figure is Zannis that he agrees (“Who could say no?”) to help a German woman attempting to secure safe passage for two Jewish children by getting them out of Nazi Berlin and, by way of Greece, into Turkey.

Soon Zannis expands his “operation,” with the help of sympathetic or mercenary colleagues, to assist dozens more such refugees—even as Italy invades

Greece and Germany seems sure to follow. All the while, Zannis continues to fulfill his official duties and to explore a personal life as full of ardor and sudden twists as his region’s political fortunes.

Mr. Furst’s story unfolds like a vivid dream, helped by a prose style rich with period detail and by a cast filled with exotic characters. He knows just how far to ratchet up the tension before relieving it—then starting up again.

Agents of Treachery

Edited by Otto Penzler

(Vintage Crime, 430 pages, \$15.95)

Spies of the Balkans

By Alan Furst

(W&N, 268 pages, £18.99)

What is at stake in “Spies of the Balkans” is the fate of the refugees, of course, but also the political fate of Greece itself and Zannis’s own destiny in a time of war, as he finds himself acting as an agent for war’s victims and for those who would resist the bullying of the Axis powers. One couldn’t ask for a more engrossing novel, spy-themed or otherwise.

Otto Penzler has done his part to keep spy fiction alive by editing “Agents of Treachery,” a top-notch collection of previously un-

published short stories by 14 of the genre’s best authors.

One such author is Charles McCarr, the novelist and former CIA deep-cover agent, represented here by a tale called “The End of the String,” set on the African coast “more than half a century ago.” The tale is told by an American operative, with the cover name of Brown, who becomes witness to a scheme to dethrone the president-for-life of a small African country: a multi-mooded, American-educated dictator who appears to Brown to be, at once, “Mussolini redux, gourmet, Joe College, tender friend, zoologist, mythologist, and a fun-loving god who stage-managed animal sacrifices to himself.”

Among the collection’s other splendid offerings is a story by Stella Rimington titled “Hedged In,” about a suspicious, even violently paranoid, suburban man and (possibly) a “sleeper” spy living next-door. In “Casey at the Bat,” Stephen Hunter tells a story of derring-do behind German lines in World War II, with oddball British and American agents vying to figure out how best to blow a bridge-for all the good it does in the end.

Mr. Nolan is author of the just-published “Three Chords for Beauty’s Sake: The Life of Artie Shaw” (Norton).

time off



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July 1, Bercy, Paris
 July 2, Zenith, Nantes
 July 4, Arènes de Nîmes
 July 5, Arena di Verona
 July 7, Piazza Grande, Locarno
 July 10, Sporting Club and Casino, Monte Carlo
 July 13, Zitadelle, Berlin
 July 14, Stadpark, Hamburg
 July 16, Parken, Copenhagen
 July 18, Bergenhus Festning, Bergen
www.livenationinternational.com

theater

"The Prisoner of Second Avenue," directed by Terry Johnson, features Jeff Goldblum in Neil Simon's award-winning comedy, alongside Academy Award winner Mercedes Ruehl.
 The Vaudeville Theatre
 June 30-Sept. 11
 ☎ 44-8448-7176-28
www.oldvictheatre.com

art

"Sargent and the Sea" shows more than 80 paintings, drawings and watercolors depicting seascapes and coastal scenes by American expatriate artist John Singer Sargent.
 Sackler Wing of Galleries Royal Academy of Arts
 July 10-Sept. 26
 ☎ 44-8442-090-051
www.royalacademy.org.uk

Malaga

art
 "Bill Viola: Figurative Works" offers a selection of video artworks from the "Transfigurations" series, examining the influence of Pablo Picasso on the artist.
 Museo Picasso Malaga
 June 28-Sept. 12
 ☎ 34-952-1276-00
www2.museopicassomalaga.org

Milan

art
 "It's not only Rock 'n' Roll, Baby!—A Story of Art and Music" exhibits visual artworks by 20 musicians from the 1970s to the present day, including Patti Smith, Brian Eno, Chicks on Speed, Fischerspooner, Devendra Banhart and Pete Doherty.
 Triennale di Milano
 Until Sept. 26
 ☎ 39-2-7243-41
www.triennale.it

Munich

festival
 "Tollwood Festival" is an annual theater and music festival in Munich's Olympiapark, featuring Crosby Stills and Nash, Pet Shop Boys, Norah Jones and others.
 Tollwood Festival
 July 1-25
 ☎ 49-700-3838-5024
www.tollwood.de

Paris

art
 "Arts from Central Africa" showcases 170 major works and 80 documents, exploring the artistic traditions of Gabon, the Republic of Congo and the Democratic Republic of Congo.
 Musée du Quai Branly
 Until Oct. 3
 ☎ 33-1-5661-7000
www.quaibrantly.fr

Vienna

art
 "Street and Studio" presents 32 works of street art and graffiti-inspired art by artists such as Keith Haring, Mark Jenkins, Leopold Kessler, and Sol LeWitt.
 Kunsthalle
 Until Oct. 10
 ☎ 43-1-52189-33
www.kunsthallewien.at

Winterthur

photography
 "Where Three Dreams Cross" celebrates 150 years of photography from India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, with works by more than 80 artists.
 Fotomuseum Winterthur
 Until Aug. 22
 ☎ 41-5223-4106-0
www.fotomuseum.ch

Source: WSJ research

Aix-en-Provence

music
 "Festival d'Aix en Provence" is an international classical music festival held in several historic town venues featuring dance, concerts and opera, including performances of "Don Giovanni" and "Pygmalion."
 ☎ 33-434-08-02-17
www.festival-aix.com

Museum Ludwig
 July 2-Oct. 3
 ☎ 49-221-2212-6165
www.museenkoeln.de/museum-ludwig

Copenhagen-Humblebaek

art
 French artist Sophie Calle presents "Take Care of Yourself," a series of photographs, texts and film installations from a 2007 Venice Biennale showing, as well as a number of central works.
 Louisiana Museum of Modern Art
 Until Oct. 24
 ☎ 45-4919-0791
www.louisiana.dk

Amsterdam

dance
 "Julidans" is a festival of contemporary dance, showcasing the latest Dutch dance, theater and multimedia productions that feature African, Asian and urban choreography.
 Stadsschouwburg
 July 1-14
 ☎ 31-20-6242-311
www.julidans.com

Dublin

art
 "Muraqqa'—Imperial Mughal Albums from the Chester Beatty Library" offers a rare viewing of Indian Mughal paintings in a group of six albums compiled in India between 1600 and 1658.
 Chester Beatty Library
 Until Oct. 3
 ☎ 353-1-4070-750
www.cbl.ie

Brussels

photography
 "Summer of Photography" offers 30 exhibitions, colloquia, workshops, and other events centered around work by contemporary African photographers.
 Center for Fine Art
 June 26-Sept. 26
 ☎ 32-2-5078-200
www.bozar.be

Hamburg

art
 "David Tremlett. Drawing Rooms" exhibits its site-specific wall drawings by the British artist, alongside works on paper, artist books and photographs.
 Hamburger Kunsthalle
 Until Oct. 31
 ☎ 49-40-4281-3120-0
www.hamburger-kunsthalle.de

Colmar

music
 "Colmar International Festival" celebrates the classical music of Maurice Ravel and Sergei Rachmaninov, with 22 concerts, featuring Olga Kern, Igor Tchetuev, Denis Matsuev and Kun Woo Paik.
 Colmar International Festival
 July 2-13
 ☎ 33-3-8920-6897
www.festival-colmar.com

London

music
 Stevie Wonder tours Europe this summer, performing music from his rich catalog of hits ranging from soul, R'n'B and funk, to reggae music.
 June 26, Hyde Park, London
 June 29, M.E.N. Arena, Manchester

Cologne

art
 "Roy Lichtenstein. Art as Subject" shows 100 works by the American Pop artist, including large-format paintings, sculptures and drawings, alongside an exploration of artistic influences ranging from Expressionism to Art deco.

Top, 'Femme d'Alger' by Roy Lichtenstein (1963) on show in Cologne; left, 'True Blue' by Andy, shown in Milan.



La Triennale di Milano